

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our berd be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messe. These to your Maiesty, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messe. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Clandio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdome,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall,
first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my sud-
daine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him; well he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a maisterly report
For art and exerceise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryd out t'would be a sight indeed